

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Volume 2.—Number 59.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

Published every Wednesday,
BY BARNES & FOSHA.
TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 when left by the Carrier.

Office, on Washington Street,
(First door above the Post-Office).
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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2 mths.	5.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00
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or Fancy Printing done on short notice, and at
reasonable rates. Blanks of all kinds, printed to
order, with neatness and despatch.

Patronage is respectfully solicited.
Letters relating to business, to receive atten-
tion, must be addressed to the Publishers.

BARNES & FOSHA, PROPRIETORS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. R. Sanford, Sheriff of Ottawa Co.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

James P. Scott, Clerk and Register
of Ottawa County, and Notary Public. Office
at the Court House.

George Parks, Treasurer of Ottawa
County, Grand Haven, Mich.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of
Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address
Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third
Mondays of each Month.

Charles E. Cole, County Surveyor,
Civil Engineer and Leveler. Post-Office Ad-
dress: Berlin, Ottawa County, Mich.

Atwood Brothers, Counselors at
Law, Office, up stairs, 2nd door above the
News Office, Washington street, Grand Haven,
W. S. ATWOOD. J. LANGDON ATWOOD.

Grosvenor Reed, Attorney and
Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery.
Office, Washington street, first door East of
the Hardware store.

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon.
Office, second door above News Office, Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon.
Office at his residence, Washington street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Henry Griffin, Druggist, Commis-
sion Merchant and General Agent. Corner of
Washington and 1st Street.

George Wheeler, Watch and Clock
Maker, and Repairer, Washington Street Gr.
Haven, Michigan. A new and select assort-
ment of Clocks, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, &c.,
just received. Prices low and terms cash.
Patronage of the Public respectfully solicited.
Grand Haven, October 10th, 1859.—[p. 42]

George D. Harvey, Dealer in News-
papers, Periodicals, School Books, Stationery;
also Detroit Dailies and Weeklies, Yankee
Notions, Tobacco, Cigars, Candles, Nuts, &c.
Opposite the News Office, Washington street.

Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer
of Stationary and Marine, high or low pres-
sure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass
Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryville,
Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand
Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry
Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hard-
ware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street,
Mill Point, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Pro-
vision Merchant. One door below the Post
Office, Washington Street.

Cutler, Warts & Stedman, Dealers
in General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt,
Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Miner Hedges, Proprietor of the Lam-
ont Premium Mills, dealer in Merchandise,
Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and
Mill Feed, Shingles, &c. &c. Lamont, Otta-
wa County, Michigan.

Noah Perkins, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware,
Boots and Shoes, &c. Opposite the store of
J. H. Newcomb, State st., Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer
in Gent's Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-
simeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St.,
next door to the Drug Store.

Lewis Porter, Manufacturer of and
Dealer in Clothing Goods. No. 16, Canal St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Co., Manufacturers of Lum-
ber, Lath, Timber, Pickets, &c., and Dealers
in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shin-
gle Bolts and Shingles. Ferryville, White
River, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shin-
gles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Of-
fices, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and
236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

**Boat & Shoe Manufacturing and Re-
pairing** Shop, one door below Wallace's Store,
Washington Street, Grand Haven.
E. KIRBY, Foreman. R. C. FOSHA.

Robinson & Co., Billiard Saloon, (up
stairs), second door east of the Ottawa House,
Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

From Gleason's Pictorial. HEAVEN.

BY ANNIE AUSTAIN.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have
entered into the heart of man, the things which
God hath prepared for them that love Him.—
1 Cor. 2-9.

Though lovely is our lower world,
And clad with beautiful grace,
It hath no likeness to that home—
Our future dwelling-place.

Earth's flowers, its streams, its singing birds
Are not like those above,
For there no saddening changes come
To turn the tide of love.

The cup of pleasure here we drain,
To taste its drops at last;
We turn to see the cheerful sun,
But meet the wintry blast.

But pleasure there hath no alloy,
Its sun no setting ray;
It needs not fading earthly light
To gild its fadeless day.

O, when we reach the river-side,
And catch a gleam of heaven,
No earthly scene will memory cast
Across the lovely vision.

Press onward then through earthly life,
Its storms and changes dare;
Thy goal, thy future home is heaven,
A world without compare.

TRENTON;

—OR—
THE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

A Tradition of Christmas Night, 1776.

It was a dark and dreary night, eighty-
three years ago, when, in an ancient farm-
house, that rises along yonder shore, an
old man and children had gathered around
their Christmas hearth.

It was a lovely picture.
That old man, sitting there on the
broad hearth, in the full glow of the
flame—his dame, a fine old matron by
his side—his children, a band of red-lip-
ped maidens—some with slender forms,
just trembling on the verge of girlhood—
others warming and flushing in the
summer morn of womanhood! And the
warm glow of the fire was upon the white
locks of the poor old man, and on the
mild face of his wife and the young bloom
of those fair daughters.

Had you, on that dark night—for it
was dark and cold—while the December
sky gloomed above, and the sleet swept
over the hills of the Delaware—have
drawn near that farm-house window, and
looked in upon that Christmas hearth,
and drank in the full beauty of that scene—
you would confess with me that though
this world has many beautiful scenes—
much of the strangely beautiful in poetry—
yet there, by that hearth, centered and
brightened and burned that poetry which
is most like Heaven, the poetry of Home!

You have all heard the story of the
convict, who stood on the gallows, em-
brued in crime—steeped to the lips in
blood—stood there, mocking even the
hangman! When, suddenly, as he stood
with the rope about his neck—his head
sunk—a single, burning scalding tear roll-
ed down his cheek.

"I was thinking," said he, in a broken
voice, "I was thinking of the Christmas
fire!"

Yes, in that moment, when the preach-
er failed to warn, when even the hangman
could not awe—a thought came over the
convict's heart, of that time when a father
and his children, in a fair land, gather-
ed around their Christmas fire.

That thought melted his iron soul!
"I can rot for your ropes and your
gibbets," he said. "But now, in that
fair land—there, over the waters—my
father, my brothers, my sisters are sitting
around their Christmas fire! They are
waiting for me! And I am here, here up-
on the scaffold!"

Is there not a deep poetry in the scene
that could thus touch a murderer's soul,
and melt it into tears?

And now, as the old man, his wife, his
daughters cluster around their fire, tell me,
why does that old man's head droop
slowly down, his eyes fill, his hand trem-
ble?

Ah, there is one absent from the
Christmas hearth!

He is thinking of the absent one—his
manly, brave boy, who has been gone from
the farm-house for a year.

But hark! Even as the thought comes
over him, the silence of that fire-side is
broken by a faint cry—a faint moan,
heard over the wastes of snow from afar.

The old man grasps a lantern, and with
that young girl by his side, goes out upon
the dark night!

Look there—as following the sound of
that moan—they go softly over the frozen
path; how the lantern flashes over their
forms—over a few white paces of frozen
snow—while beyond all is darkness!

Still that moan, so low, so faint, so
deep-toned, quivering on the air!

Something arrests the old man's eye
there in the snow—they bend down, he
and his daughter—they gaze upon that
sight.

It is a human footstep printed in the
snow, printed in human blood.

"My child," whispers the old man trem-
ulously, "now pray to heaven for Wash-
ington! For by this footstep, stamped
in blood, I judge that his army is passing
near this place!"

Still that moan quivers on the air.
Then the old man and that young girl

followed those footsteps stained in blood,
one—two—three—four—look how the
red tokens crimson the snow; following
those bloody footprints they go, on until
they reach that rock beetling over the riv-
er shore. There the lantern light flashes
over the form of a half-naked man crouch-
ing down in the snow—freezing and
bleeding to death.

The old man looked upon that form
clad in the ragged uniform of the Conti-
nental army—the stiffened fingers grasp-
ing the battered musket.

It was his only son.

He called to him, the young girl knelt
and, you may be sure there were tears in
her eyes, clasped her brother's hands, ah,
they were stiff and cold! And when she
could not warm them, gathered them to
her young bosom, and wept her tears up-
on his dying face.

Suddenly that brother raises his head,
and extended his hand towards the river.

"Look there, Father," he said, in his
husky voice.

And bending down over the rock, the
old man looked far over the river.

There, under the dark sky, a fleet of
boats were tossing amid piles of floating
ice. A fleet of boats bearing men and
arms, and extending in irregular lines
from shore to shore.

And the last boat of the fleet, that
boat just leaving the western shore of the
Delaware; the old man saw too, and saw
—even through the darkness—yon tall
form half-clad in a warrior's cloak,
with a grey war-horse by his side.

Was that not a strange sight to see at
dead of night, on a dark river, under a
darker sky?

The old man turned to his dying son
to ask the meaning of this mystery.

"Father," gasped the brave boy, totter-
ing to his feet, "Father, give me my
musket, help me on, help me down to the
river, for to-night—"

As that word was on his lips, he fell.
He fell, and lay there, stiff and cold—
Still, on his lips there hung some faintly
spoken words.

The old man, and that fair girl, bent
down and they listened to these words.

"To-night, Washington, the British,
to-night, TRENTON!"

With that word gasping on his lips,
he died.

The old man did not know the mean-
ing of that word, until the next morning.
Then there was the sound of musketry to
the south; then, booming along the De-
laware, came the roar of battle.

Then that old man, with his wife and
children, gathered round the body of that
dead boy; knew the meaning of that sin-
gle word that had trembled on his lips—
knew that George Washington had burst
like a thunderbolt upon the British camp
at Trenton.

Ah! that was a merry Christmas party
which the British officers kept in the town
of Trenton some eighty-three years ago—
although it is true that to that party
there came an uninvited guest, one Mis-
ter Washington, his half-clad army, and
certain bold Jespersen. Would that I
might linger here, and picture the great
deeds of that morning, eighty-three years
ago.

Would that I might linger here upon
the holy ground of Trenton.

For it is holy ground. For it was
there in the darkest hour of the Revolution,
that George Washington made one
stout and gallant blow in the name of
that Declaration which fifty-six bold men
had proclaimed in the Old State House
of Philadelphia six months before.

Then, if that State House is the Me-
cca of Freedom, to which the pilgrims of
all climes may come to worship, then is
the battle-ground of Trenton, the twin
Mecca the Jerusalem of Freedom, to which
the Children of Liberty, from every clime
may come and look upon the footsteps of
the mighty dead, bring their offerings, shed
their tears.

December 26, 1776.

It was a dark night, but the first gleam
of morning shone over the form of Wash-
ington, as he stood beside the Hessian
leader, Ralle, who lay in yonder room,
wrestling with death—yes, Washington
stood there, and placed the cup of water
to his feverish lips, and spoke a prayer
for his passing soul.

It was a dark night, but the gleam of
morning shone over yon cliff darkening
above the wintry river, over the frozen
snow, where a father, a wife, and a band
of children, clustered around the cold
form of a dead soldier.

He was clad in rags, but there was a
grim smile on his white lips—his frozen
hand still clenched with an iron grasp the
broken rifle.

His face, so cold, so pale, was wet with
his sister's tears but his soul had gone to
yonder heaven, there to join the Martyrs
of Trenton and of Bunker Hill.

THE UTAH GIRLS DISCONTENTED.—A
writer in a Gentile newspaper printed at
Salt Lake City, says:

"There are thousands of women in
Utah Territory, between the ages of 14
and 20, who would gladly walk barefoot-
ed all around the world, to find some
place to hide from these heavy-headed
bishops, elders, and priests.

Sam Patch's Last Leap.

We find in an old Rochester paper the
following account of the last leap of the
famous and foolhardy Sam Patch, who
lost his life in jumping over the Genesee
Falls, at Rochester, New York. It will
be remembered that he had before leaped
off the Genesee Falls, and also at
Niagara. His last leap was taken Nov.
18, 1829.

"This singular and presumptuous be-
ing has indeed made his 'last leap.' Fri-
day, the 18th of November, at the hour
appointed, in hand-bills, which had been
previously circulated, headed, 'Sam's
last jump,' the banks of the river, on
either side below the fall, for nearly half
a mile, were crowded with spectators.—
Sam appeared amid the shouts and hurrahs
of the expectant assemblage. A
stage had been erected 25 feet higher than
the brink of the precipice, making the
height about 120 feet, from which he was
to leap. He had before jumped from the
precipice without injury, and now deter-
mined to prove by experiment, (in his
own language,) that 'some things can be
done as well as others; he ascended the
stage, and was again greeted by the cheers
of the spectators. Sam addressed those
immediately below for a few moments, in
language that seemed to say he half an-
ticipated the result of his rashness. Af-
ter adjusting his dress, bowed to the vast
assemblage, first upon one side of the un-
enviable station, then on the other, and
deliberately leaped off, was for a moment
in mid air, and then engulfed in the abyss
beneath. We stood near where he struck,
and for a moment after he had left the
stage, heard not a word. Each heart
beat with a dreadful suspense, and every
eye was strained to behold his rising, but
they saw him not, for the waters still en-
gulfed his victim. At length, when not
a wave or sign gave further clue to hope,
the half formed shouts of joy died into
breathing murmurs of 'He's dead! He's
gone!' And in a moment the vast crowd
knew full well its truth, and turned half
aside to conceal the horror that they felt."

CHILD FROZEN WHILE ITS PARENTS
WERE AT A PARTY.—A German child,
about four years old, belonging to Wm.
Randolph, of Waterford, had its feet, legs,
hands, arms, and head badly frozen on
the night of the 2nd ult. The parents
had put the child to bed, and left a little
boy eight years old to take care of the
child and the house, while they went to
an evening party. The little boy remain-
ing at home until about 9 o'clock, and
the child being asleep, he went to a party
also, and was but a few rods distant,
and all remained until about one o'clock
at night. On returning home, the child
was missing, and, making immediate
search, they found the little fellow stuck
in a snow drift, a few rods from the house,
nearly senseless. It seems he woke up,
and found himself alone, and started out
in search of his parents. It is doubtful
whether it will recover. The child was
comfortably clad in night clothes, and
had on stockings, or it must have perished.

[Burlington, Wis., Gazette.]

THE LUMBERING BUSINESS.—We hear
the most cheering news from the lumber
camps on the Tittabawassee and Pine
Rivers. The winter thus far has been
very advantageous for getting in logs.—
About three weeks ago we conversed with
one of the leading lumbermen, who gave
it as his opinion that, up that time, more
logs had been banked than the previous
winter. We understand that Curtis &
King, of this city, are getting in about
30,000 feet of logs daily. If all the lum-
men are doing as well. Saginaw River
will be blockaded in the spring.

[Saginaw Rep., Jan. 23.]

PROPELLER LINES ON LAKE ERIE.—
The line of propellers to be run next sea-
son between Dunkirk and Sandusky will
be tri-weekly, and the propellers Brad-
bury and Portsmouth will do service in it.
They will be fitted up with ar-
rangements for both passengers and freight.

The New York and Erie Company will
discontinue their line of propellers between
Dunkirk and Detroit, and run a line be-
tween the latter place and Buffalo, con-
necting with the Buffalo and New York
City Railroad. Propellers will run from
Cleveland and Toledo as formerly, con-
necting with the Erie Road at Dunkirk.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

HABITUAL DRUNKENNESS.—It is at
last decided what constitutes habitual
drunkenness. Judge Balcom, in the
Tompkins county court of Oyer and Ter-
minor, New York, on an indictment for
selling liquor to a person "guilty of ha-
bitual drunkenness," told the jury that a
man who gets drunk once a month for a
year or more should be deemed guilty of
habitual drunkenness.

PIKE'S PEAK.—Late advices from
Pike's Peak state that it is the prevailing
opinion that the mines will produce from
one to two millions of dollars per month,
after the opening of spring. The yield
of last season was about two millions of
dollars.

THE GRAIN OF MUSK.

I dropped a single grain of Musk
A moment in my room;
When years rolled by the chamber still
Retained the same perfume;
So every deed approved of God,
Where e'er its lot be cast,
Leaves some good influence behind
That shall forever last.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—How to grow bull rushes—lease a
short horn Durham in fly time.

—Why is killing bees like a confes-
sion? Because you unbuzz'um.

—A man being sympathized with on
account of his wife's running away said:
"Don't pity me until she comes back."

—A man in Johnson county, Iowa,
sixty-five years of age, was recently uni-
ted in matrimony to a girl thirteen.

—Pa, they tell us about the angry
ocean; what makes the ocean angry?"—
"Oh, it has been crossed so often."

—Why does a sailor know there is a
man in the moon? Because he has been
to sea.

—My wife," said a critic, "is the
most even tempered person in the world
—she is always mad."

—If you wish to collect together all
the pretty girls in town, advertise "a lec-
ture to young men."

—The lash that man does not object
to have laid on his back is the eye-lash
of a pretty girl.

—A young physician asked permis-
sion of a lady to kiss her. She replied:
"No, sir; I never like to have a Doctor's
bill thrust in my face."

—They say that the trumpet players
are doomed to short lives. We doubt
it; we have known men to blow their
own trumpets and achieve old age.

—A sailor, in attempting to kiss a
pretty girl, got a violent box on the ear.
"There," he exclaimed, "just my luck;
always wrecked on the coral reefs."

—Is it possible, miss, that you do
not know the name of some of your best
friends? "Certainly—I don't even know
what my own may be a year from now."

—Said a woman to an old maid "My
husband is not so good a husband as he
should be, but he is a powerful sight bet-
ter than none."

—Miss, what have you done to be
ashamed of, that you blush so?" "Sir,
what have the roses and the strawberries
and the peaches done that they blush so?"

—If a woman could talk out of the
two corners of her mouth at the same
time, there would be a good deal said on
both sides.

—An old lady reading an account of
a distinguished old lawyer, who was said
to be father of the New York bar, ex-
claimed: "Poor man! he had a dreadful
bad set of children."

—"Did I understand you to say I was
lousy, sir?" "Oh, no! I merely told my
friends that when it rained lice in Egypt,
I thought you must have been walking
there without a hat or umbrella—that's
all."

—A young lady three years old, be-
ing told by her mother to pick up her
handkerchief, replied, "Indeed, I won't!
just do it yourself!" "Mollie," says the
mother, "who are you talking to?" "I
was just making believe," replied our lit-
tle miss, "you was Aunt Brown."

—They have got a new plan for the
demolition of bed-bugs in operation "down
East." It is done by steam—one wheel
catches them by the nose, another draws
their teeth, while a neat little pistol-rod
punches three grains of arsenic down their
throats.

—When Jones went to dinner the oth-
er day, he found one of his apprentices
in the kitchen quietly rolling up his sleeves.
"What are you going to do?" said Jones.

"Oh," responded the boy, "I am go-
ing to dive down into that pot to see if I
can find that meat that the soup was
made from."

—It has been suggested that sales
women should take the place of sales men
in the dry goods stores. Fanny Fern
says she should like to see the experi-
ment tried. "When Greek meets Greek"
no matter, the proverb is somewhat musty.

—A British school master at Board-
man, Ohio, has been put under bonds for
beating a young lady of eighteen with an
ox gad, until her back was black and blue.
The girl was good looking, and had re-
sisted the teacher's advances to courtship.
Hanging is too good for such a villain.

—A Yankee in Utica has invented
and set in operation an artificial lady in
full dress, propelled by a small boy, and
advertises to sweep the sidewalks and
crossings for a certain annual salary.—
The lady is crinoline according to the
width of the sidewalk, the crinoline being
so rigged that it can be widened or nar-
rowed at pleasure.

MACAULAY.—The London Post under-
stands that Lord Macaulay has left be-
hind him the materials for another vol-
ume, the publication of which may, for
private and family reasons, be sometime
delayed.

THEIR POSITION.—In a speech deliv-
ered in Boston the other day, before the
Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, Wendell
Phillips told us exactly to what position
the abolitionists have brought the black
republican party. He calls them the
American people, but that means nothing
else than his pupils, the black republicans:

"We have almost brought the Ameri-
can people to that decision which says,
'Government or no government, law or
no law, let slavery come down! Whether
he broke law or violated government,
God bless John Brown!' So says the
American heart in the northern States.
The American head will soon begin its
work, in obedience to that heart and head;
and we shall see slavery the victim of its
agitation, the victim of pure politics and
a christian church. The system may be
strangled, and this government, for aught
I know, survive; if not in its present form,
at least the fragments will come together
and crystallize round a purer and better
center than our fathers ever could have
commanded, had they tried."

Upon this he proceeds to be jubilant,
and the abolitionists congregated with
him are jubilant also in contemplating the
time when slavery shall come down, gov-
ernment or